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By Kenneth L. Dixon

New Doubts About Oswald

WEST LAKE, La.—Despite Kipling's poetic counsel of long ago, it still angers me to see the words I've written twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools.

I hope this hasn't happened in this case.

I came home for the week end and found a copy of a new book in my piled-up mail. It was titled, "Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy?"

It concerned, of course, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, and it cast grave doubts on all the official versions of that tragedy.

The reason it concerned me was that the publishers, without my permission, had used an article I had written to help promote sale of the book.

The article was copyrighted, but I suppose once it had been published it entered the public domain and could be reprinted.

I didn't know, however, that it could be used in what amounted to an advertisement of a product I knew nothing about, without my permission.

The article simply told how people across the country were not satisfied with the official accounts of the assassination—they didn't feel they had been told the whole truth.

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The book sets out to prove that Lee Oswald did not kill the Dallas policeman, and may not have killed President Kennedy—or if he did, that he had a lot of help, including perhaps another hidden sniper.

It goes further—much further.

It sets forth the theory that Oswald was either a CIA or FBI agent or informer, or both. It has a lot to say about the real story of Kennedy's death.



And it documents its theory so meticulously that it is frightening.

The author is Joachim Joesten, a German-born writer with a cosmopolitan background. I do not know him.

The publishers are Marzani and Munsell. I don't think I know either, although I have a faint memory of having possibly interviewed a man named Carl Marzani in Washington more than 20 years ago, when he was in the news for some reason or other.

He is listed as president of the publishing house and his name was signed to the letter telling me they had used my article to promote the book.

The book itself was a quickie. Since the Warren Commission probing the assassination had asked for and received a copy of the manuscript, the publishers apparently wanted to get it out before the commission's report was made public.

Consequently, it was printed in five weeks, which any publisher or author will tell you is something of a record.

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Now . . . in spite of my anger at being used to advertise something I knew nothing about, I must say the book is worth reading.

And its documented charges should be answered.

If the Warren Commission can answer them, it should do so publicly—and both author and publisher should be called to account.

This is not something to fool around with for a few lousy bucks.

But if they aren't answered, a lot of Americans are going to wonder what's going on—in the CIA, the FBI, the Secret Service, the Dallas police and in a lot of higher circles.

As far as I am concerned, none of the aforementioned groups is a sacred cow—particularly when it concerns the country and the man who was both my President and my friend.

CPYRGHT